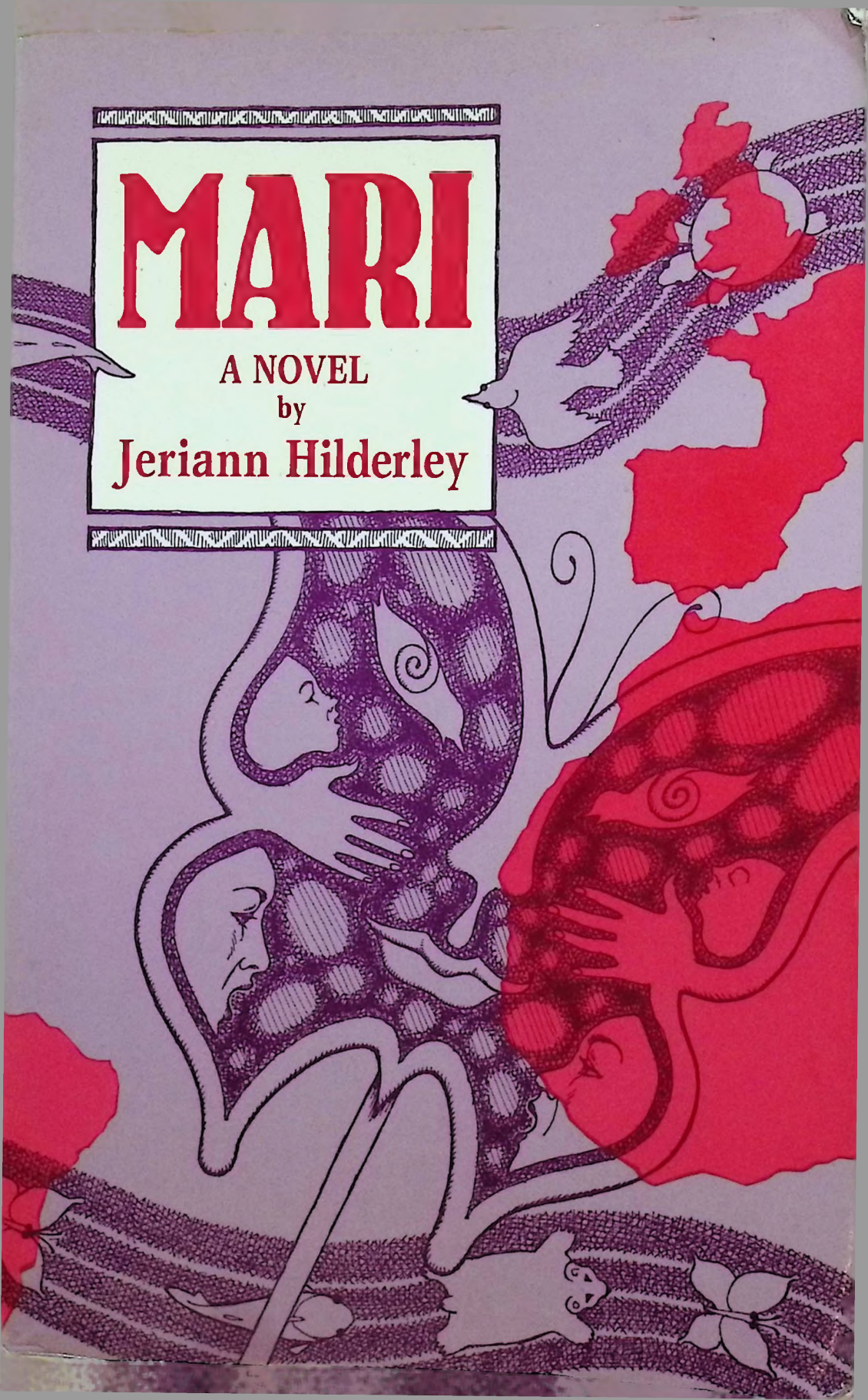
MARI

A NOVEL

by

Jeriann Hilderley



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New Victoria Publishers, Inc.

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Published by New Victoria Publishers
PO Box 27 Norwich, Vermont 05055

Library of Congress Cataloging-in-Publication Data
Hilderley, Jeriann, 1937-
Mari / by Jeriann Hilderly
p. cm.
ISBN 0-934678-23-5
I. Title.
PS3558. I38436M37 1990 89-14235
813'.54 -dc20 CIP

Acknowledgements

This novel came to fruition with the help of many friends and writers. I extend much gratitude to the following people who patiently read and gave comments on the book in its various stages of development.

In its early stages, Ruth Simpson helped me with her careful editing. Jane Elven helped me clarify content. Padma Hejmadi made me feel good about having wrtten the book. Jane Lazarre pointed out the stronger sections. James Seligmann supported my style. Paul Hecht, Elaine Markson and Jean Naggar were helpful in their encouragement. As the book developed, Jerome Badanes pointed out how less was more, and how a story was worth more than a thousand themes.

In its final stages my editor, ReBecca Béguin, saw the book as an act of love, believed in its staying power, and challenged me to dramatize scenes previously only mentioned by Judith, the story's teller. Claudia Lamperti and Beth Dingman guided me, as well, with their editing and marketing expertise, to shape the book into its present, focused and compact form. Many thanks also to the precise copy-editing assistance from Marianne Burke and Lynn Manley.

The beautiful cover art-work was done by Ginger Brown, and the photo, by Rain Bengis.

This book is dedicated with profound appreciation to the Argentinian poet, Diana Bellessi, whose marvelous journey, poems and letters inspired me to create portraits of women like her who have also journeyed bravely through fear.

And to Rain Bengis whose support, insights and companionship during the time I wrote this book were invaluable.

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I could ease into our story slowly, first draw her portrait with a delicate pen. Or I could imitate the rumbling sounds of the earthquake that jostled Mexico City yesterday where Mari is now, on her way back to Argentina—her homeland. I can't condense her into a short romance, paste her against a backdrop of oceans and large cities. How will I organize events, embraces? Spell out this essential stuff of my being? Nouns don't seem to name what we had and verbs can only suggest. I know my body will have been scrubbed hundreds of times before I can make our story shine as ivory clean as the bone amulet that shone on her neck.

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